

1935

King's Hall Magazine
Committee
1935



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W. HOWARD	-	-	-	-	V:A.

EXCHANGES

- "The Mitre" — Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P. Q.
"Trafalgar Echoes" — Trafalgar Institute, Montreal.
The Study Magazine — The Study, Montreal.
"School Magazine" — Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
The Trinity University Review — Trinity College, Toronto.
"The Pibroch" — Strathallan School, Hamilton.
Leeds Girls' High School Magazine — Leeds, England.
"News Sheet" — St. Mary's School, Calne.
The Ashburian — Ashbury College, Ottawa.
The Ovenden Chronicle, Ovenden, Barrie, Ont.

EDITORIAL

"In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it cannot, I perceive."

Andrea del Sarto's observation on his own work and that of his fellow-artists strikes us as containing a certain amount of truth when applied to those who contribute or who neglect to contribute to school magazines. Many are the contributors whose efforts, wrought mayhap by toil and sweat, are rudely rejected by the Committee; but many too are the potential contributors from whom we receive no word, no practical help. Which of these two groups has the greater reason to feel proud of itself? The answer is obvious.

There is of course, in our case, a third group — otherwise this magazine would never have come into being — and it is to this group: committee members, contributors, and those who solicited advertisements, that we wish to express our thanks. It is to them the School owes this year's number of the Magazine. During the coming year, let us endeavour so to stimulate a keenness on Magazine matters that **everyone** will be able to look on the issue of 1936 and feel with pride: "I helped to make this magazine what it is!"

We feel that now and then it is necessary to point out "home truths" but we hasten on gladly to the more conventional task of an editor — that of expressing appreciation. We realize that in many cases able and willing help has been given, and we hope this number will prove to be up to the standard of King's Hall Magazines. We wish, finally, to thank our hard-working Committee, our contributors, and our advertisers whose active interest is so vital to our production.

MISS GILLARD'S LETTER

Dear Girls;-

It seems but a little while since I addressed you a year ago at the Closing, and took as the motto of my address a quotation from Saint-Simon "Get up, Monsieur le Comte, you have great things to do to-day." Now another School year is drawing to a close, and those of you who are leaving, and are on the threshold of that fuller, more independent life, are very much in my thoughts.

I am wondering what kind of women you are going to be. I am going to describe to you the kind of woman I want you to be. I want you to be courageous, loyal and kind; I want each one to realize that she is not the most important person in the world; I want you to be independent and self-reliant, — to love great books and noble thoughts. Of course I want you to be happy, but happiness only comes from the spirit that is within you. To quote the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury upon the occasion of the Royal Wedding; "Wishes cannot give happiness, nor can it come from outward circumstances, — it can only come from yourselves, from the spirit that is within you. You cannot choose what changes and chances are to befall you in the coming years, but you can choose the spirit with which you meet them." Let it be in a spirit of courage and high resolve.

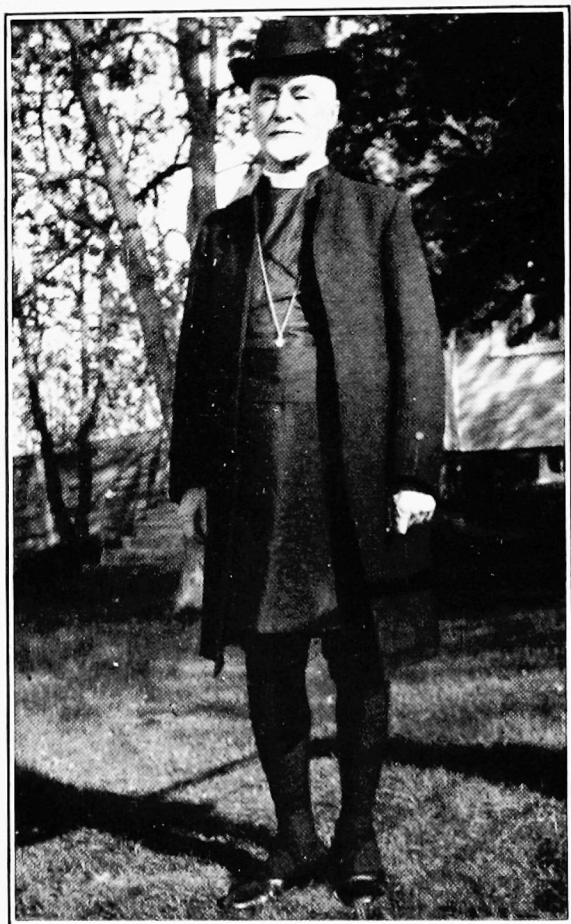
I am going to close with a few lines of a poem which I read lately, and which appealed to me as an ideal for us all;

"Let me, in going down the years,
Refuse to be less brave, and gay, and strong.
And let me learn to keep an open mind,
A sense of humour, and a reverent soul,
And never be too busy to be kind."

Yours affectionately,
"Adelaide Gillard."



MISS GILLARD



THE LORD BISHOP OF QUEBEC

THE BISHOP

The girls of King's Hall heard with genuine regret of the resignation of Bishop Williams as Bishop of Quebec.

For many years the Bishop has been Chairman of the Board of Governors, but to the girls he is infinitely more than that. He is loved by everyone of us, and his visits are looked forward to eagerly by one and all.

He has confirmed the girls ever since we can remember, and Confirmation Service without him would not be the same. We never forget the Bishop's sermons to us, for they are so un-sermonlike and so helpful.

The Bishop also has distributed our prizes for many years.

Mrs. Williams is also well-known to the School and always accompanies the Bishop when he is present at our plays and closing.

We all wish the Bishop health and happiness for long years to come and hope to see him just as often as we always have done. He can always be sure of a warm and hearty welcome at King's Hall as long as there are girls here to greet him.



ALPHABET POEM

- Z** is for zero — the usual thing.
Y — well that's yelling — just like we sing.
X — stands for xerophyte — do you take Botany?
W — Wellingtons. Have you got any?
V — for vitality — which **we** haven't got.
U — is for useful — which we are not.
T — is for Terry — say what's that noise?
S — well that's Sonia — first prize for poise.
R — stands for Rosie — none other than Kay.
Q — for Quebec — and from there we get Fay.
P — is for prizes which some get in June.
O — for the Old Girls — and we'll be that soon.
N — Hi there Nancy — when will you grow?
M — are the room-marks which we have to show.
L — is for Lil with her great sense of humour.
K — well there's Keyser — or is it a rumour?
J — is for Joy — just like her name.
I — is for ink which brings some people fame.
H — well there's Helen — with sun in her smile.
G — is for Grace — with "it" in her style.
F — is for fat — we collect it out here.
E — who is Ellie? Well you should see her!
D — for Dispensary — where we go when we're sick.
C — is for candy — with suckers to lick.
B — That's for bells, that ring at all times.
A — is for all sorts of things but we don't seem to be able to
decide which to put down.

— B. Richmond, VI:A. Junior,
— B. Gibsone, Matric.

FALLING ASLEEP

"Dear me, I am so dreadfully tired! The evening was a successful one though; but then, my dinner parties always do go off very well. I believe I looked very stunning too. Of course a woman of my age is beginning to lose her bloom of youth, but, all the same, I received some very nice compliments — Now where did I put my nightdress? It was here a minute ago. Oh, here it is. Now; where is my wrinkle cream? There, all set. Oh — how marvellous it is to rest one's weary body — and my feet were so terribly tired — Where **is** the chain of the light? Ah — Peace, perfect peace, I wonder why that Mrs. Van Holland insists on wearing such light-coloured dresses? She is so pale herself. And why — ? Oh well, as far as hostesses go, I really think there could be none better than I. Perhaps if I closed my eyes and tried counting sheep — But then what's the use? It always keeps me awake trying to think of the numbers — the numbers — I am — really — a very — hosty — dinner — "

— M. Wood, VI:A, Junior.

IN APRIL — [A Parody]

When Spring unbound comes o'er us like a flood,
My spirit slips its bars,
But groans to see exams break into bud
As skies break into stars.

And sinks when desks are white with muddled notes,
The heavens grey with rain,
But quickens when the French and Latin pass —
Never to come again.

And dreams upon Geometry at night,
Arithmetic at dawn,
And wakes to find sweet April at her height
Exams still beck'ning on.

And feels its sordid work, its empty play
Its failures and its stain
Increased, when at the end, in gym display,
I use the wrong foot once again.

— F. Thomson, VI:B.

PERSEVERANCE

William Bottle-Beetle, was his name — (his father wished him to be called, Percival, but his mother preferred William) and he was very proud of it too, becoming distinctly indignant when his friends (or enemies for the time) were so careless and inconsiderate as to call him Bill.

On the day of the incident which I am going to relate, the said William Bottle-Beetle was engaged in the worthy and strenuous task of his morning exercises. He was pacing up and down the wharf beside the lake with big energetic strides with the morning sun shining on his little black body. As a matter of fact he was thinking what a very fine and handsome little beetle he was, when a large wave, which seemed to him like a mountain, lapped over the end of the wharf and washed him into the lake, — a poor wee scrap of a beetle against the force of the water. He was dashed under water, but before he knew where he was, he found himself on the surface, gulping, gasping and choking until his poor little throat was terribly sore and he was completely out of breath. When he eventually did regain his presence of mind he discovered he was at least a beetle's mile from shore, and at the discovery nearly let himself drown on the spot (For you see he could only do the breast-stroke). But his brave little heart rallied to the occasion and he lost no time in making up his mind to reach shore. For an hour he swam steadily. When suddenly, a wave which was looking for trouble, rolled up to him so unexpectedly that the next moment he was floundering helplessly on his back. But the little fellow, undaunted, kicked his legs recklessly until he righted himself once again. But on gaining the proper position for swimming, he realized he was hopelessly out of breath and at once began thinking terrible thoughts. What if he never saw his dear mother and father and all his little brothers and sisters? But then a thought struck him which spurred him on with renewed energy. "Oh dear me! I forgot to apologize to my dear little brother Percival (Father Bottle-Beetle had got his way this time) for eating his breakfast portion of grub-meat. I can't die with that on my mind."

So still he swam and swam until his little legs became limp and leaden but he had only one thought in mind — he must get home.

He began to get dizzy, too, and in between strokes he had to pinch himself to stay awake.

Finally after hours of swimming, he felt rock bottom under his numb little feet and crawled onto shore only to fall unconscious.

When he came to, he was in a strange place, and as he was feeling revived he investigated. He was in a glass jar with grass on the bottom. "Humph" said William "now I really am a Bottle-Beetle." [He was let loose when he thoroughly recovered, and hurried home to find his family quite panicky about his strange disappearance.]

— P. Richardson, VI:A.

OUR MASQUERADE

(apologies to Longfellow)

While the night was black and eery
While the golden pumpkins glimmered
While the orchestra was playing
All King's Hall was celebrating.
When the gym was slowly darkened
Esther sang her touching ballad
Sang it softly with great pathos
Till the girls were loudly clapping.
Pretty were the home-made costumes
Worn by all the happy dancers
Prettier still the red and white ones
Which the band wore on that evening.
Then the duet dance was rendered,
Rendered by accomplished dancers
To the tune of Marnie's ditty,
To the tune of loud applauding.
After Ellie gave the presents
And Miss Gillard gave the prizes,
Then did all the party gather
In the hall beside the table,
Gathered with expectant faces
Waiting for the light refreshment
Waiting till the bell-hops brought it
Held aloft in waiter-fashion.
Then when all the food was eaten,
Eaten with great zeal and gusto
Tired scholars upstairs tottered
There to dream of ghosts and witches.

— Betty Gould, Matric.

A COUNTRY ROAD AT EVENING

This country road at evening was very beautiful. The sun had disappeared over the horizon, and had left a red glow over the sky which gradually turned into a deep purple.

The birds were twittering in the trees as they prepared themselves for a long night's refreshing sleep. The flowers were beginning to drop their heads; the dew was falling and making the grass cool and damp under one's feet. Far away in the distance came the gentle tolling of the evening bell, bringing the labourers home from their long day's work in the hay-fields.

The trees became darker objects against the dark blue sky, and the night grew blacker and blacker. The only noise that broke the silence was the bleating of sheep on the hillsides.

— E. Roy, VI:B.

MEASLES

What! Measles have broken out! Who said so?
Who has caught them and how do you know?
Measles have broken out in the School!
Who is the stupid, well - - - stupid fool?

Someone has caught the mis'erable germ,
And we are in quarantine the rest of the term.
Oh dear! Will life ever cease,
To have its troubles ever increase?

No more going to see the plays,
No more swimming on the hottest days,
But it isn't so much all of these,
As if I catch the awful disease.

My nose is running, my eyes are sore,
I have a spot, I told you before,
If I don't think about it, I won't get them,
If they do come, — Well - - - I just won't let them.
— G. Powis, V:A.

Wind and the Rain

Wind in my face and the sting of warm rain,

An earthy smell down a country lane

Narrow and long

A road rich with mud and an old farm-cart

Jogging along, and here in my heart

A song.

Leaves lined with silver of rain-water pools

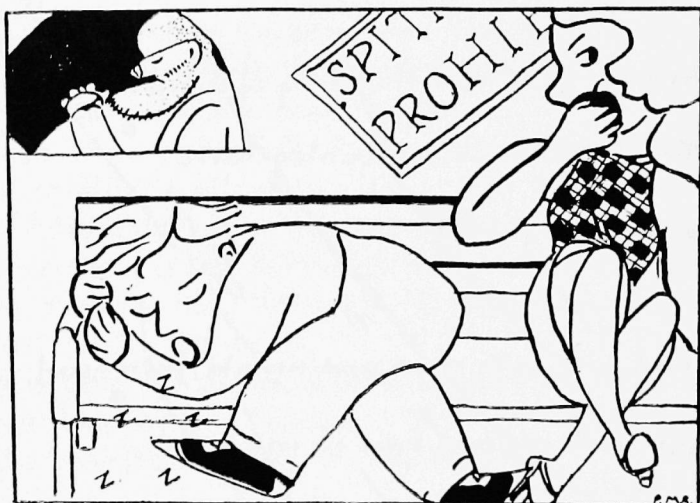
Drip softly, fatty; silently cools.

Here I belong.



b.c. balaban v.18

SINSANATIC TRAIN



Time: 1935.

Scene:

A country station called "Sumplase". At the left of the stage is a ticket office, on the right the door to the platform. In the middle of the stage is a broken bench. The whole setting of the station has the appearance of decay.

Players:

Joe and Daisie: A young married couple.

Bill: The station master.

Rosie: The sister of Daisie.

Mike: A farmer.

Description of Players.

Joe is a stupid-looking man with glasses. He is dressed in very gaudy clothes, and chews gum with his mouth open. Daisie, dressed in shorts and sandals, chews on a very juicy apple and reads a True Story Magazine. They are both sitting on the bench when curtain goes up. Joe is looking over Daisie's shoulder at a picture to which she is pointing.

Bill, the station master, is an old man with grey hair. He is hard of hearing. When first seen he is asleep in the ticket office window.

Rosie is fat, overdressed, and over made-up. She comes in with a Pekinese hanging over her arm.

Mike is a tall shabby old farmer with a beard and a long thin nose. He wears a straw hat with grass sticking out of it.

Scene I.

Joe and Daisie sitting on bench.

Joe: What did you have to ask Rosie for anyway?

Daisie: It's **so** hot in Sinsanatic in the summer!

Joe: How much longer do we have to wait? We've been here since six this morning and it's three now.

Daisie: Well it's your own fault, you lost the letter she wrote. A great memory you have; all you can remember is what day she is coming. You most likely don't know that!

Joe: Oh yes, I do, she is arriving today, July 21, 1935. (Both sit and brood for a while, then suddenly a loud train whistle is heard. Joe jumps up in a hurry and rushes out, but comes back again and grabs Daisie's arm.)

Joe: Get up! This might be her train. (both run out but return very soon, utterly disgusted.)

Daisie: That's the fourth train today and she hasn't been on any of them.

Joe: I'm tired, I'm going to sleep. (Curls up on broken bench and goes to sleep. Daisie sits on further end and dully examines her sandals.)

Scene II.

(Another train whistle is heard. Bill wakes up and, yawning, crys.)

Bill: Sinsanada train!, Sinsanada train!

(Joe and Daisie do not move, but sit as though they had never heard him. Meanwhile the station fills up with farmers, their wives and children, who, after getting their tickets go out as train pulls to a stop.)

Daisie (half asleep): Lot of people come to meet this train.

Joe: Hugh!

Bill: Well this is the train you've been waitin' for, ain't it? Sinsanada train. (At his last words Joe sits up, and grabs Daisie, They both tear out. Sound of train pulling out of station. A farmer comes back into the station and goes over to the ticket office).

Mike: Just saw ma son off on tha train.

Bill: That so!

Mike: Heh Bill, whata Joe and Daisie goin to Sinsanada fo'? Thought them was stayin' here tha summa.

Bill: How do I know? They bin here since six waitin' for that train.

Scene III.

(A fat woman dressed in red and white comes into the station clutching her Peek. Glancing about the station, she sees Bill and Mike.)

Rosie: Have either of you two gentlemen seen a young married couple here?

Bill: You mean Joe and Daisie?

Rosie: Yes, that's them, you see I'm their — I mean Daisie's sister!

Mike: Well lady them two just left for Sinsanada (Bill snaps his fingers and looks surprised.)

Bill: Now I've got it! They were waitin' for the train coming **from** Sinsanada and not the one **goin'**! (Bursts into great guffaws of laughter).

Rosie: Well!

(She sits down on bench looking flabbergasted and bench breaks beneath her weight).

The End.

— P. Robertson, VI:A. Junior.

THE BELL

Slumber we'd be choosing,
While so peacefully we're snoozing
In the morning,
When a noisy clamour
In our ears begins to hammer
In the dawning.

Out of bed we struggle,
Though we dearly love to snuggle
In the morning.
In our clothes we tumble,
With a mumble and a grumble
And a yawning.

If I had that bell a day,
I'd stuff it with molasses and hay,
In the dawning;
Then instead of seven
We could sleep until eleven
In the morning.

— Toby Richmond, VI:A., Junior.

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:-

Why Bar tries to hypnotize herself in geometry class — Who was the fiery-haired mistress who said, "Are you taking this Class, or am I?" — If ski-joring on one's neck is the latest mode of riding — Does Grant get mixed up much when she takes setting-up exercises — Whether we are right in our knowledge that two certain people would get the gong on the worst amateur hour — Who, when asked, "Where is Fez?" replied, "Usually on the head" — What made Carol ring the bell 10 minutes early — Who is so dumb that she thinks "Ibid" is the name of a poem — Who tried to buy a new plate for her toothless comb, in the village? — Who were the nuts who tried to Rea(s) a Creighton flag on a Paul, Sonia(r) the Mary E(a)ster holiday (not to mention the Maniacs, of course. — Where we can view some "water surrounded by holes" as described in physics class.

THE STAFF — [A Parody]

See an old unhappy staff
Sick of life and pupils, both,
Bound to them because of oath
In the classroom, studious;
Banished from the cosy life
To start a day of storm and strife.

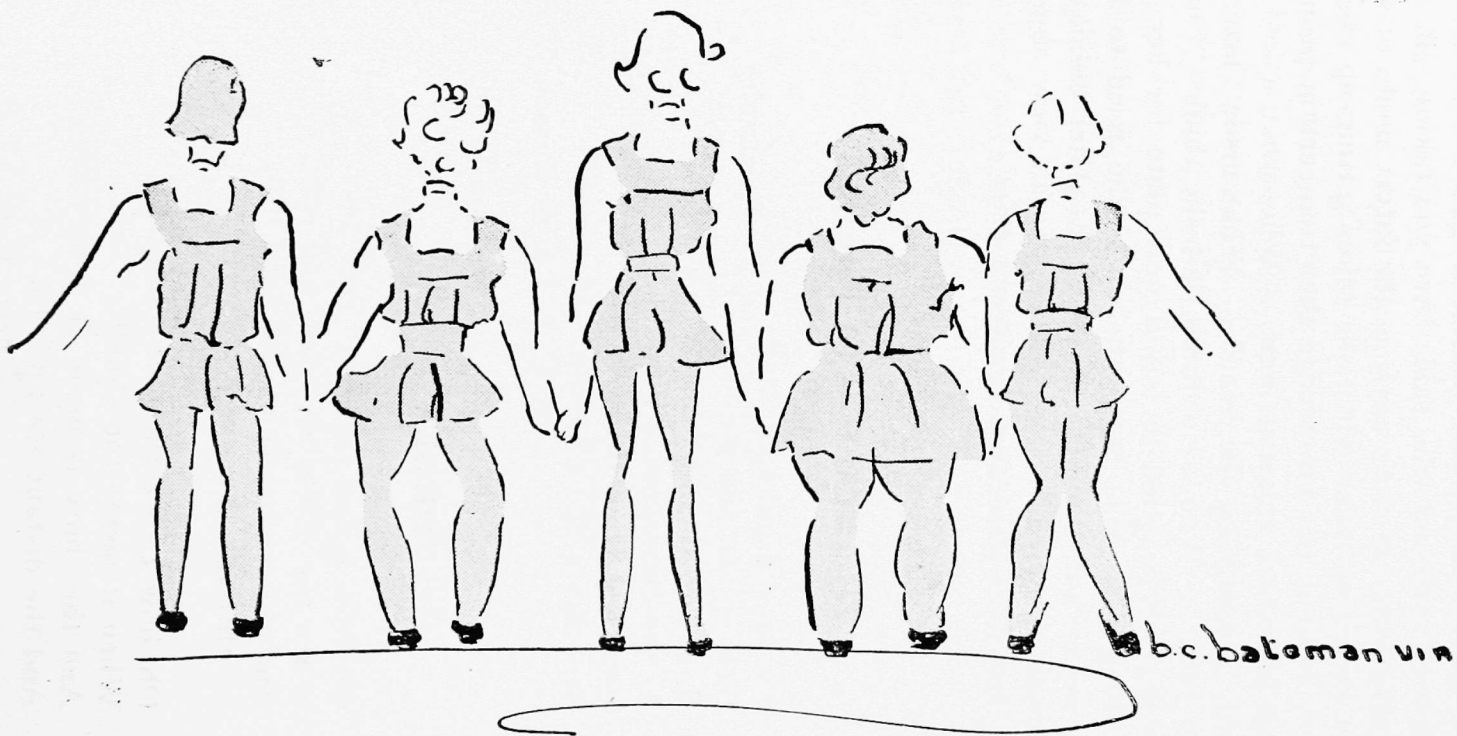
— M. C. Rea & E. Russell, V:A.

THE SEA

Oh, how I love the grey, grey sea!
When the waves are great and wide,
And the sailing ships are beautiful
As through the storm they ride.

Oh, how I love the blue, blue sea!
When it meets the cloudless sky,
And the shore is made of golden sand,
And the distant sea-gulls fly.

— Betty Cate, VI:B.



We all wear tunics so we will all look alike

LA MERE MIETTE

La Mère Miette habite une jolie petite maison au bord de la route qui mène au village de Baisse. Un jour elle quitte la maison avec ses deux bonnes vaches. Elle trouve un peloton de laine et elle court après le peloton mais il se tourne vite, vite! Elle court et court mais elle n'attrape pas le peloton. Elle court aujourd'hui mais elle n'attrape jamais le peloton de laine.

— R. Harris, V:B.

CARGOES

There are ships of many lands
Sailing many seas;
Some are from the Orient,
And some are Portuguese.
Some are from the frozen North,
The Arctic Baffin Bay;
And some are from the Shetland Isles,
Or Capetown's busy quay.

They carry many cargoes,
Of sugar-cane and rice,
Of cocoanuts and barleycorn,
And Pondicherrys spice;
They stow their holds with Tunis Dates,
With Belgian Congo beans;
They load at Sidney, cattle hides,
Or cotton by the reams.

At last they sight their native land,
Rising in the mists;
A dent in the horizon line,
Wrought by mighty fists.
They reached the crowded harbour,
And, with aid of busy hands,
They help unload the cargo,
Which was brought from distant lands.
— M. MacLean, VI:B.

WAR

Millions are dying
The shell shot is flying
Men covered in mud
Ground soaked in blood
A last piercing yell
Men, living in hell,
 Yet war rages on.

It's time for attack
If the dead could look back
The watch seemed to stop
No — They're over the top
Wounding and slaying
Each a death is repaying
 Still war rages on.

Living like rats
On mud covered mats
Always the sound
As the shells strike the ground
Of men being killed
As with shrapnel they're drilled
 Yet war rages on.

At last it is said
While the millions lie dead
The trouble is mended
The war is now ended
 For Peace is restored.

A tomb in a street
Where the wounded may meet
The King passes by
The world heaves a sigh
Yet what of these men
Whom God has again
 Now peace is restored?

— M. MacLean, VI:B.

PREP.

I wish the bell would go soon,
But there's nearly thirteen minutes more.
My books are scattered on the desk,
And my pencil's on the floor.
I haven't done my Latin,
Or my History, or my Greek,
But if I do them properly
I won't finish 'till next week.

Everybody's hard at work,
Just watch their eyelids blink.
I guess they're rather sleepy,
But I can't even think.

Oh drat that silly bell
I'm sure its rather late.
When at last I leave this school
Every bell I'm going to hate.
Oh! who invented Latin,
In tomorrow's class I'll fail.
Success — at last the bell has gone,
I hope I get some mail.

— M. MacLean, VI:B.

FORGOTTEN ANGEL

Please go softly —
And don't make a noise.
Baby is sleeping —
Holding her toys.
A wee little darling,
Asleep in her chair.
With fat rosy cheeks,
And fair curly hair.
Her wings you can't see,
'cause they're under her frock,
But she's really an angel,
That God just forgot.

— M. MacLean, VI:B.

THE KING'S HALL CHILD

with apologies to

THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD.

In the high and far off times, O best beloved, there was a very young girl who was filled with 'satiabable curiosity, and that means she asked too many questions, and she came to King's Hall and she filled all King's Hall with her 'satiabable curiosities. She asked her head mistress Miss Killhard why they had ice-cream on Thursdays, and her head mistress Miss Killhard spanked her with a bristly, bristly hair brush. She asked her English mistress Miss Sitmeadow what would happen if you didn't read a book for supplementary reading. And Miss Sitmeadow spanked her with a heavy, heavy book of Poems of the Romantic Revival, and she asked her nurse Miss Incubator why she could not go on an 18 year diet, and Miss Incubator spanked her long and hard with the hard, cold, bright measuring device, — but still she was filled with 'satiabable curiosity.

One fine morning in the middle of prep. the 'satiabable very young girl asked a new, fine question she had never asked before. She asked, "What would happen if I had a feast after lights out?" And then everyone said, "Hush" in a loud and dreadful tone, and Miss Geezer spanked her long and hard, and without stopping, with a prickly, pinchy knitting needle, for talking in prep.

By and by when prep was finished and the very young girl had not got a letter, she was still filled with 'satiabable curiosity and she went up to Barol Coy who was head-girl and asked her what would happen if she had a feast after lights out? And Barol Coy said, very mournfully, "you just try it, and see!" But that, O best beloved did not satisfy the very young girl, for her curiosity was 'satiabable, so she decided that she would have a feast after lights out and just see what would happen.

Well, the very young girl saved her brown bread crusts and her cake she had for tea, and every day for weeks she would save a little honey in a pin-tray and she had her parents send her a fried chicken in a pair of rubber boots, which Miss Overflow never suspected. At last, O best beloved, she was all ready for her feast after lights-out. She chose a fine moonlight night, and waited until Miss Redcap had turned out the light, and she said good-night to Miss Redcap very

sweetly, because Miss Redcap had once told her what would happen if you held your breath and counted to 6,000. And the very young girl turned on a flashlight which she had borrowed from the 8 Ton Can who was a prefect, because 8 Ton Can thought she wanted it to write her home letter with after lights out, because that is what the very young girl told her; then she brought out the brown bread crusts from the lining of her hat, and she took her cake from under her mattress, and her fried chicken from her Mentholatum bottle (which was empty) because she had had to put it there because Miss Geezer marked her drawers every week. So she laid them all out on her bed, and she took her talcum powder tin of honey and she was just putting some honey on a brown bread crust when — guess what happened. O, best beloved you could never imagine in a hundred years what happened, so I am going to tell you —

The bell for fire-drill !!! rang. — And there was the poor little girl filled with 'satiableness rushing around, and by the time she had turned off the window, shut her blanket, and wrapped the door around her, she was quite bewildered — Then what should happen but the door opened and there stood Miss Left and Miss Waxwrong who had come to see why she wasn't on the fire steps! Well they took one look at the brown crusts and the cake and the honey and the pin-tray, and then they took two looks at the fried chicken and said "Oh!" in a loud and dreadful tone, and went to find Miss Killhard, and Miss Killhard came and looked at the brown bread crusts, and the cake, and the honey, and she looked twice at the fried chicken and then she looked at the very young girl for a long, long, time and said in a very dreadful voice "Why did you do it, very little girl?" And the little girl said in a tiny, tiny, voice (but still polite) "Because I was filled with 'satiableness'" and then she was very, very frightened for Miss Killhard was looking at her very long, and she knew something terrible was going to happen and Miss Killhard said very mournfully this time, "This is a terrible, terrible thing, and so I am going to give you a terrible, terrible punishment — you shall not be allowed to ask any more questions! But the funny part of it was that the very young girl had at last found out what would happen if she had a feast after lights-out and her 'satiableness' was satisfied and she didn't want to ask any more questions anyway!

— Barbara Bateman, VI:A.

— Marion Wood, VI:A. Junior.

"BABS"

This one was strong; lived her life to the full
For others; was willing, always ready to obey;
For ever steady on her way; — loved the road.
A source of joy to all.

Then tragedy occurred. Cut off in her prime
We grieved for her, but scarce believed she'd gone,
So little had we thought of such a thing.

Then presently, with the coming of realization
Into our hearts and minds,
We held her worth
In truer appreciation.

How soon — Time having healed all sorrow
Caused by the death of one of these
— A mere name recalls but little to our mind; all this
Through our forgetfulness.
The thought saddens me.

But all those who knew Babs, loved her,
Felt the beauty of her life,
I dare to say that she'll for ever stay
In fond remembrance..

— P. Richardson, VI:A.

GERMAN MEASLES

(A Parody)

They break out here, they break out there,
Those measles break out everywhere.
They come from heaven, but look like hell,
With aid of "Doc" nurse tries to quell.

They break out here, they break out there,
On Liliás and Mary Claire,
They first appear with slightest sneezles —
Those demmed elusive German Measles.

— C. Roy, Matric.

A LONG TALE

The shiny cage, a new affair,
Was set by Pam outside their lair,
The piece of cheese, a little stale,
Was fastened on the mouse-trap jail;
We went to sleep, but pleasant dreams,
Were shattered by our Pamela's screams,
"A mouse — no, two, Oh aren't they sweet,
They've sparkling eyes, and tiny feet,
They're running up and down the cage,
As though they're in an awful rage."
"Two mice — Oh horrors! Pam my dear,
Must they be held so very near.
I'm sure they smell, at least they should,
I've always heard that mice would,
But anyway, please close their door
In case by chance they reach the floor."

By breakfast time the only thought,
Was of the mice, and how they're caught,
And later on, when lessons came,
The horrid mice of breakfast fame
Were settled on the class-room floor,
'Mid loud protests of ten or more — ,
At last, when lunch had nearly come,
We all agreed to have some fun,
We took the mice, and ran away,
And in the coal bin, let them stay.
By now, our Pam, her treasures gone,
The part of Sherlock Holmes did don;
And off she set with eager mind,
Her long-lost treasures for to find.
We moved them from the coal bin dark,
And placed them near the furnace spark,
But very soon the news went round,
That Pam her little mice had found.

She let them loose outside the door,
And off they ran, across the floor
When very soon they left our sight
We realized our awful plight —
The mice had left, and with them went
Our hopes of fun and merriment.



— M. MacLean, VI:B.

SURATE

At early dawn the pirates rose
And set their boat to sail,
They were ready when the whistle blew,
For the pirates never fail.
Across the heaving ocean,
Amid the storms at sea,
The pirates sailed their tiny boat,
For seven long years and three.
They looted many treasure ships,
And galleons small and great,
Till at last they reefed their soaked sails,
And headed for Surate.
It's a tiny little island,
Not marked on any map.
So that no one's ever reached it,
Except by some mishap.
The shores are wide and sandy,
And there's trees and flowers and things,
And a bird, so gaily feathered
That's always there and sings.
When at last the pirates landed,

And placed their treasures on the shore,
They found a great big cavern,
With a huge and heavy door.
They quickly hid their money,
And their gold and silver too,
In this cave where none could find them
Unless they really knew.
The next good wind they set their sails,
And, reaching open sea,
They saw an awful storm in sight,
A hurricane to be.
They knew that all their lives were lost
And prayed without avail,
For when the torrents burst on them
Their ship began to fail.
She floundered in the raging waves,
Her masts they broke in three,
And very soon they sank from sight
In the rough and roaring sea.
That ends the tale of treasures,
And of all the pirates fate,
So if you want their money,
You first must find Surate.

— M. MacLean, VI:B.

IT IS YOUTH'S WAY

Thoughts, elusive and intangible,
Dreams, ethereal and shadowy,
Tender touches, liquid beauty,
A haunting strain of Youth's bequeathment.

Blinding pain of spirit tortured,
Groping, stumbling, eyes beseeching,
Bewildering masses, new conceptions,
Ideals lost, and new ones rearing.

Sudden sorrow, high-flung gladness,
Sweeps of beauty, ugly blotches,
Lonesome solitude that strengthens.
It is our way, O Youth!

— Barbara Bateman, VI:A.

AN INCIDENT

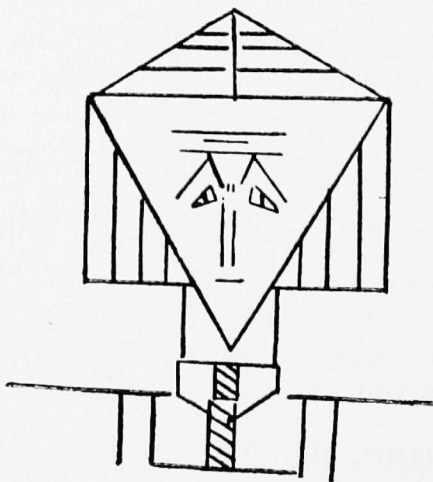
She said, "This is my life, my world", and the sun slept heavily over all. She sifted gold grains of sand through her fingers and thought, "We work to own what we do not want, forgetting what we have, this, our heritage. All these are mine and they belong to me — the heat, the wind and the beauty — they were made for me." Her thoughts slipped through her mind as the gold grains slipped through her fingers, and over all a bee droned sleepily. "I have known sorrow," she thought, but that is passed now — only contentment remains. I shall be content forever and I shall lie here in my world forever. Is not this the answer?" and the waters whispered, "Yes."

Blue sky and green waters with gold sand beyond, a silver gull and a line of brown foam — they shimmer in the heat.

She lay quite still and the heat soaked through her. She was part of it. She was made of the heat and air and wind. She was filled with the exultant pride of possession. To own was to live again ten-fold; and she owned. The wind paid homage to her.

There was a sound of voices, of laughter, a paddle disturbed the smoothness of the waters. She moved and was filled with a great desolation. The wind seemed strange and cold, the sun no longer friendly, the waters answered not her plea. Then she knew. Her world belonged to her no longer.

— B. Bateman, VI:A.



The girl who passed her
Geometry matrix

THE HOUSE THAT JOHANN BUILT

In ye olde dayes dwelte there in Merrie Englande a Shumann. In the course of a feweaes he became verie wealthy because he was kepte Debussy. He called to him a joiner — "Liszt," said he, "Teleman to Handel ye taske of building for me a castle. I want it to be done Fausst with a moat too.

"Shubert," answered the workmanne, "but Mozart out of date now." He Wagner head ande continued, "I might be Abel to come Bach with it but it would Rachmaninoff ye architectural beauty.

A few years later a great Ravel was taking place in ye olde castle when a noise most violent was to be heard at the gate.

"Stop Haydn," called a commanding voice, "and let us in or we'll Beethoven the door and Mendelssohn ye olde castle." Old Shumann Paterewsky and said "What care I? I am going Purcell the place anyway." As the invading knights saw the great merry-making, they said one unto the other, "Let us Stavinsky and have of drink instead of taking them to the dungeon for making a moat at this time."

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

In good old New York lived a Whiteman who wanted a Gray penthouse on the top of the Empire State Building. But his wife wanted a little cottage in a Vallee in Berlin. The man won out and calling a contractor gave directions that since all good penthouses had "Fio-Rito" on them that he wanted them. Said the builder, "You Lyman, I've never even heard of them!"

Then said the owner, "They are a Crosby 'tween a flower and a vegetable. Be a Goodman and do your Bester you can Callaway your men."

Denny set to work building little by little, telling his men, "If we don't get this house built we will be in Duchin will loose our jobs. When the place was built Mr. and Mrs. had the Gagnon at the housewarming. The Hall even was crowded and De Courcey was Waring full evening attire. Suddenly the Bell rang and two policemen made a Lunsford him. They stopped when they saw the party and said, "This whiskey is the rale McCoy, Mike, so I Bane think I Rubinoff this warrant for the arrest of this law-breaker, who said that all penthouses had Feo-Ritos.

— B. Gould, Matric.

MUSIC OF THE SEA

White sails against an azure sky
 Wind-ruffled waves white tipped with foam
 Cut smoothly by a slender prow;
 A bar of music, a lyric poem.

Grey, sullen, restless sea
 Beating sulkily against immobile granite cliffs
 Futile as a prisoner beating on his prison walls;
 A crashing cord, Tchaikowsky at his best.

Calm as the mirrored sky above
 A sheet of blue, deep, impenetrable, unmoved
 By aspirations, fear, or strife
 A soft Sonata, a single note:
 Such is the music of the ever-changing sea.

— B. Bateman, VI:A.

ON ENTERING THE PEARLY GATES

I'm going to Heaven on a cloud
 A soft and fluffy little shroud,
 And when I reach that portal gate
 I hope that I shall not be late.

St. Peter will be standing there,
 With iron curlers in his hair
 And great big gum-boots on his feet,
 His figure will be very neat.

He'll greet me with a haughty stare
 And say with patronizing air,
 "You have been drinking too much beer
 And therefore are not wanted here."

— R. Luton, V:A.,

— R. Dodds, V:A.

TSCHAIKOUSKY'S FIFTH SYMPHONY, SECOND MOVEMENT.

Towering granite cliffs — a sullen beating sea. Grey: of rocks, of sea, of fog, of sky; changing restless grey. A theme of restlessness, of futility, holding one's numbed brain in staggered thought. The beat, beat, beat, of the sea as it clutches again and again at its unfeeling love, the cliffs; to humble her who had mocked him since the world began, to bend that proud unconquered spirit, and break it with his desperate strength, such seems the resolution of the sea.

Above the grey and sullen waters, above the grey immobile cliffs, a white gull glides, dipping, soaring, and then is lost from view.

All is still except for the mutterings of the sea, when suddenly a ship breaks through the curtain of the fog. Majestic! Long lines of silver grey — a battle-cruiser decked gay with multi-coloured flags. Triumphant! Glorious!

But it too must pass and the drifting grey envelops it, while as before — the grey and sullen sea — the proud unconquered cliffs.

— B. Bateman, VI:A.

GARDENING

How I work and how I slave,
Soon I will be in my grave;
Trying to win the gardener's prize
Every morning at six I rise.

First the cutworms, then the weeds;
If there's no rain to help our needs
I'll have no gaily blooming flowers
To brighten up my dreary hours.

So I shall pray for rain and sun,
And then my flowers will, one by one,
Appear above the dark brown earth,
And their beauty pays for all their worth.

— Rena Luton, V:A.

— M. Davis, V:A.

SMILES

Life consists of a series of smiles. The first feeble baring of the gums comes at a very tender age, usually provoked by some playful adult administering a bony jab at approximately the fifth rib. Various species of smiles follow this, including the gurgle bestowed upon papa when, after a night of sleepless agony, he stumps out of the nursery, tripping over an incongruous Mickey Mouse thus causing a cheerful clatter of broken bones.

The first day of school presents the next really auspicious occasion for Sonny's toothless grins. [Incidentally followed alternately by tears]. At the end of Sonny's tenth year, the realization of the female of the species dawns upon our hero. Needless to say a fine display of large, widely-spaced teeth are presented at this period quite frequently.

Life continues peacefully. The arrival of the sixteenth year, spring, The Girl, and a rival inaugurate a series of boyish grins which continue through his engagement day, marriage day and birthday of Sonny Jr. Upon the last occasion the smile alters somewhat, becoming more of a beam.

Slowly contentment creeps into his every look and his benevolence grows with his paunch. As the years roll onward his smile grows more frequent, more gleeful and more senile. He takes infinite delight in counting beads with his tiny grand-daughter Mary whose joyous laughter rings through the now silent house.

Now he smiles vacantly at that lovely fly on the ceiling thinking of the inevitable rendez-vous he will keep with his Beloved very soon.

— Betty Gould, Matric.

GETTING UP — (Apologies to Browning)

The year's at the Spring,
The Day's at the yawn,
Yawning's at seven;
My hair has uncurl'd:
The Bells always ring,
Unlike Gabriel's horn
They call us from heaven.
I'm dead to the world.

— E. Rea, Matric.

DESCRIPTION

Dismal were the marshes, and eerie. The wind was moaning a lament for the trees, who with scrawny fingers etched black against the greyness of the sky, clutched at the golden baubel of the moon. Occasionally the hoot of an owl was heard, like a gaping hole in the woven silence; and once the silhouette of a wild heron slipped silently across the moon; and the ruins of the tumbled-down shack stood, gaunt and bare, by the side of the marsh. A broken spirit it was perhaps but one which held the dignity of memories.

— B. Bateman, VI:A.

PLAYS IN REVIEW

"Sweet and Low" — King's Hall voices.

"Petticoat influence" — Hide that frown!

"The gang's all here" — Break.

"The Truth Game" — Exams !!!

"In the Best of Families" — Freckles.

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow" — Girls didn't you hear that bell?

"Strictly dishonourable" — Chewing gum.

"The Lady Refuses" — Outside for "everyone".

"Give Me Yesterday" — A Sunday expression.

"The Easiest Way" — Don't Argue.

"The Last Parade" — Gym exhibition.

"Just Imagine" — A jazz orchestra in Prep.

"Sit Tight" — Exam week.

"My Past" — Class history.

"Inspiration" — Wanted.

"Stolen Heaven" — No Prep.

"A Woman Denied" — No more tuck.

"An American Tragedy" — Those extra pounds.

"The Night Birds" — Midnight feast.

"Joy of Living" — Mail.

"Dance, Fools, Dance" — Dancing Class.

"Once in a Lifetime" — Permission.

"Rivers End" — The Closing.

— T. Richmond, VI:A. Junior.

THE MOUSE IN THE LARDER

There was a young mouse in the larder
Who ate cheese with an unfailing ardour.

Till one day he did burst,
The results were the worst,
'Tis the fate of the mouse in the larder.

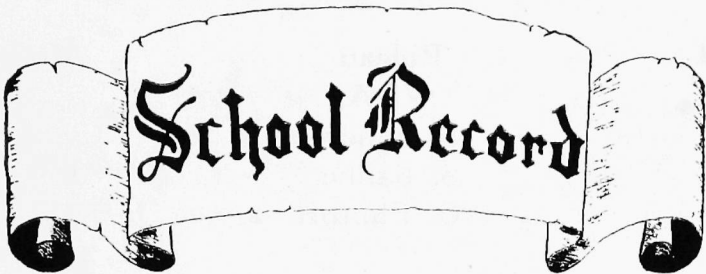
— P. Merrill, VI:B.

THAT FROWN!

There was a young girl with a frown,
She wore it all over the town.

She wasn't insured
For it couldn't be cured.
That cross and bewrinkled old frown.

— P. Merrill, VI:B.



1934 - 35
Head Girl
Carol Roy

Prefects

Carol Roy	-	-	-	-	-	-	Matriculation
Ellendelle Rea	-	-	-	-	-	-	Matriculation
Ann Creighton	-	-	-	-	-	-	VI:A.

Sports Captain

Mary Grant	-	-	-	-	-	-	VI:A. Junior
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Form Captains

Matric	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. Roy
VI:A.	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. Rossiter
VI:A., Jr.	-	-	-	-	-	-	E. Taylor
VI:B.	-	-	-	-	-	-	N. Baillie
V:A.	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. La Caille

Houses

Macdonald

E. Rea (Captain)

Rideau

C. Roy (Captain)

Montcalm

A. Creighton (Captain)

B. Gibsone

Matric.

B. Gould
E. Laing

P. Crabtree
E. Cole
H. Sutherland

Macdonald

B. Bateman
H. Brunning
T. des Bailleys
N. Kerrigan
J. Porteous
P. Richardson
H. Wood

M. Grant
B. Richmond
P. Robertson

D. Baldwin
K. Campbell
K. Payan
F. Thomson

M. Davis
S. Gale
J. Merrill
E. Russell

Rideau**VI:A.**

F. Acheson
S. Baillie
G. Flintoft

VI:A., Junior

L. Ahearn
E. Taylor
M. Wood

VI:B.

N. Baillie
A. Berry
M. Dickison
D. Finnie
M. Holland
M. MacLean
B. Olive
J. Thompson

V:A.

G. Powis
A. Ritchie

V:B.

F. Moffatt

Montcalm

C. Cann
P. Morrissey
B. Reid
M. Rossiter
B. Woodyatt

E. Grigg
G. Porteous

B. Cate
P. Merrill
M. Renouf
E. Roy
F. Smith

W. Howard
J. La Caille
R. Luton
M. C. Rea

R. Harris

MATRICULATION — 1935.



"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired"
CAROL ROY, Head-Girl.

Pastime:- "Tall, blond, and exceptionally good-looking."

Favourite Expression:- "Are you telling me?"

Pet Aversions:- "Loch Ness Monsters."

Theme Song:- "Sophisticated Lady."

Activities:- Choir, '33, '34, '35.

Form Captain, '34, '35.

Magazine rep., '33.

Inter-Form Basketball, '33, '34, '35.

Prefect, '34.



"Say what you think and speak it from your soul."
ELLENDELLE REA, Prefect.

Pastime:- Prompting teachers.

Favourite Expression:- "D'ya mind?"

Pet Aversion:- Setting ups.

Theme Song:- "I'm the top!"

Activities:- Inter-Form Basketball, '32, '33, '34, '35.

Choir, '34, '35.

Magazine Representative, '34.

Ass't Editor of Magazine, '35.



"Thou Foster-child of Silence."
ELSPETH COLE.

Pastime:- Failing Tests.

Favourite Expression:- "Gosh."

Pet Aversion:- Cicero.

Theme Song:- "She didn't say 'yes'
She didn't say 'no'"



"A thousand blushing apparitions
Start into her face;"
FHYLLIS CRABTREE.

Pastime:- Talking "Habitant."

Favourite Expression:- "Whoa, Betsy!"

Pet Aversion:- Shoes that go bump in the night.

Theme Song:- "I'm lookin' forward to goin' down home."

Activities:- Form Captain, '32, '33.

Inter-Form Basketball, '32, '33, '34, '35.

Choir, '33, '34, '35.



"None but herself can be her parallel."
BARBARA GIBSONE.
 Pastime :- Borrowing Magazines.
 Favourite Expression :- (Censored).
 Pet Aversion :- Peanut Butter.
 Theme Song :- "Fifty Million Frenchmen can't be wrong!"
 Activities :- Inter-Form Basketball, '34, '35.
 Choir, '35.



"And on her dulcimer she played."
BETTY GOULD.
 Pastime :- Writing to the back woods.
 Favourite Expression :- "Pshaw."
 Pet Aversion :- Celery.
 Theme Song :- Ukelele Lady.
 Activities :- Choir, '35, Inter-Form Basketball, '35.



"Words of wit fell from a lively tongue."
ESTHER LAING.
 Pastime :- Puns of the genus "Feeble".
 Favourite Expression :- "Fuh Cryin' out loud!"
 Pet Aversion :- People who never see the point.
 Theme Song :- "Pardon my Southern Accent."
 Activities :- Choir, '35. Magazine, '35.
 Inter-Form Basketball, '35.



"She sings each song twice over."
HELEN SUTHERLAND.
 Pastime :- Writing to Bing Crosby.
 Favourite Expression :- "He's Simply Perfect" (defensively)
 Pet Aversion :- People who don't like crooners.
 Theme Song :- "Life is a song."
 Activities :- Choir, '34, '35.
 Inter-Form Basketball, '34, '35.

PREFECTS

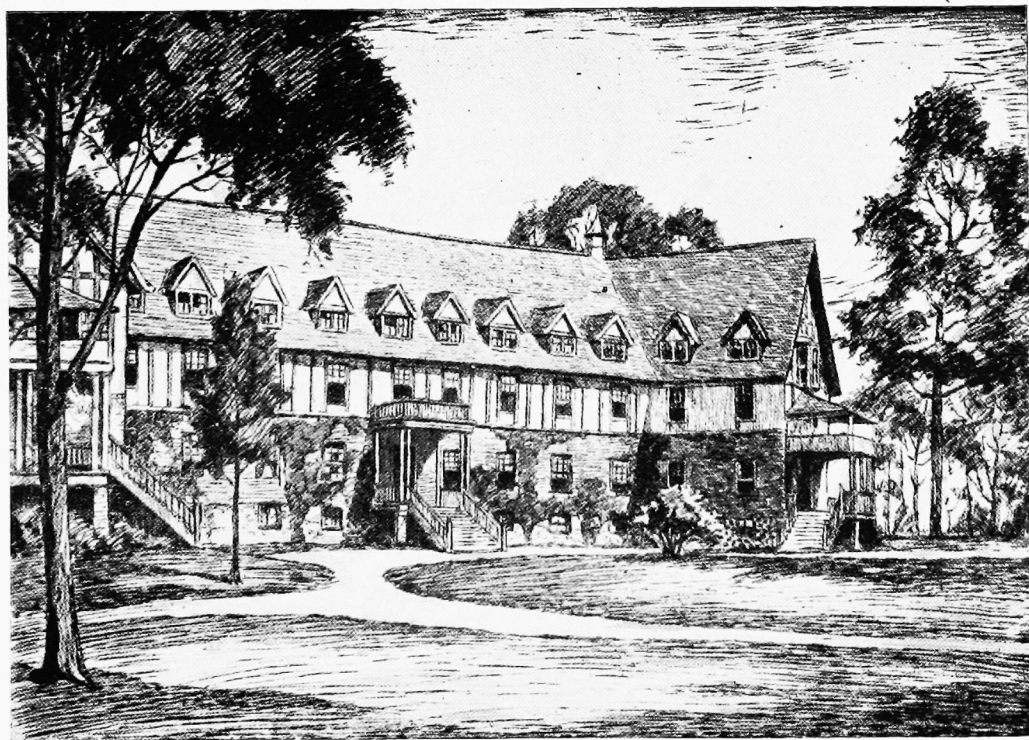


Carol Roy — Ellendelle Rea — Ann Creighton

THE TEAM



Back row (l. to r.) Janet Porteous, Roma Dodds, Sonia Baillie.
Front row (l. to r.) Maryellen Rossiter, Mary Grant, Toby Richmond.



THE SCHOOL

SCHOOL CALENDAR**1934**

Sept. 12th.	School reopened.
Sept. 15th.	School picnic on Windy Hill.
Oct. 6-8th.	Thanksgiving week-end.
Oct. 9th.	Russian Choir.
Oct. 10th.	Hart House String Quartet.
Oct. 15th.	The Bishop's Holiday.
Oct. 27th.	Mr. Paul de Marky.
Oct. 31st.	Hallowe'en Supper.
Nov. 3rd.	Hallowe'en Masquerade.
Nov. 4th.	Choir went to Coaticook.
Nov. 9th.	Horse Show.
Nov. 27th.	Plays produced by U. B. C. .
Nov. 29th.	Concert by Miss Price.
Dec. 9th.	Music Recital.
Dec. 16th.	Carol Singing.
Dec. 19th.	End of Term.

1935.

Jan. 15th.	Beginning of New Term.
Jan. 19th.	Sleigh Drive.
Feb 4th.	Bishop's Anniversary Holiday.
Feb. 16th.	School Dance.
Feb. 23rd.	Sleigh Drive.
Mar. 2nd.	Concert by Mr. Brand.
Mar. 25th.	School Plays.
Mar. 28th.	School sees "David Copperfield".
April 9th.	End of Term.
April 23rd.	Beginning of New Term.
April 27th.	Lecture by Mrs. Duckworth.
May 1st.	Plays produced by U. B. C.
May 6th.	King's Jubilee Holiday.
May 8 - 9th.	Visit by Mr. Hughes, McGill Board of Education.
May 11th.	Basketball game vs. The Study.
May 15th.	School entertains with singing and plays at Coaticook.
May 17th.	School attends "Pirates of Penzance".
May 18th.	Confirmation.
May 24th.	Holiday.
May 25th.	School Picnic.
May 27th.	Music Examinations.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY — 1934-35**Girls**

- Acheson, F. — Britannia Heights P. O., Ontario.
Ahearn, L. — 450 Daly Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario.
Baillie, N. — 1547 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Baillie, S. — 1547 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Baldwin, D. — 15 Severn Ave., Westmount, Que.
Bateman, B. — 3 St. Edmund's Drive, Toronto, Ont.
Berry, A. — Windsor Mills, Que.
Brunning, H. — 202 Ballantyne St. N., Montreal, Que.
Campbell, K. — 6 Ste. Marie St., Levis, Que.
Cann, C. — Apt. 9 - 4864 Côte des Neiges Rd., Montreal, Que.
Cate, B. — North Hatley, Que.
Cole, E. — 211 Brown Ave., Quebec, Que.
Crabtree, P. — Crabtree Mills, Que.
Creighton, A. — 325 Stewart St., Ottawa, Ont.
Davis, M. — 109 South Portland Ave., Ventnor, N. J.
Des Bailleurs, T. — 509 Argyle Ave., Westmount, Que.
Dickison, M. — 4462 Western Ave., Westmount, Que.
Dodds, R. — 58 Belvedere Rd., Westmount, Que.
Finnie, D. — 319 Daly Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
Flintoft, G. — 4305 Montrose Ave., Westmount, Que.
Gale, S. — 128 Grande Allée, Quebec, Que.
Gibson, B. — 1 Des Grisons St., Quebec, Que.
Gould, B. — 49 Ballantyne Ave. S., Montreal West, Que.
Grant, M. — 15 Chelsea Place, Montreal, Que.
Grigg, E. — Stanstead, Que.
Harris, R. — 148 Brock Ave., Montreal West, Que.
Holland, M. — 2182 Lincoln Ave., Montreal, Que.
Howard, W. — 28 Summit Crescent, Westmount, Que.
Kerrigan, N. — 500 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, Que.
La Caille, J. — Coronado Hotel, Coronado Beach, California.
Laing, E. — 4275 Western Ave., Westmount, Que.
Luton, R. — 346 Daly Ave., Ottawa, Ont.
MacLean, M. — Mull Hall, Pointe Claire, Que.
Merrill, J. — 529 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, Que.
Merrill, P. — 529 Lansdowne Ave., Westmount, Que.
Moffatt, F. — St. Stephen's Rectory, Grand'mère, Que.
Morrisey, P. — 3275 Cedar Ave., Westmount, Que.

- Olive, B. — Canadian Celanese, Drummondville, Que.
Payan, K. — 309 Girouard St., St. Hyacinthe, Que.
Porteous, G. — 1461 Mountain St., Montreal, Que.
Porteous, J. — 48 Holton, Ave., Westmount, Que.
Powis, G. — 141 Bedbrooke Ave., Montreal West, Que.
Rea, E. — 1529 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Rea, M. C. — 1529 MacGregor St., Montreal, Que.
Reid, B. — 113 Maple Ave., Shawinigan Falls, Que.
Renouf, M. — Grande River, Gaspé Co., Que.
Richardson, P. — Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.
Richmond, B. — "Shorelands", Old Greenwich, Conn.
Ritchie, A. — 693 Notre Dame St., Three Rivers, Que.
Robertson, P. — 1 Cedar St., New York, N. Y.
Rossiter, M. — 5 Bracside Place, Westmount, Que.
Roy, C. — 11 Wolfe St., Levis, Que.
Roy, E. — 11 Wolfe St., Levis, Que.
Russell, E. — Matane, Que.
Smith, F. — 85 Elgin St., Granby, Que.
Sutherland, H. — 58 Markland St., Hamilton, Ont.
Taylor, E. — Rothesay, N. B.
Thompson, J. — 17 Chilton Place, Hamilton, Ont.
Thomson, F. — 25 Learmouth Ave., Quebec, Que.
Wood, H. — 25 Holton Ave., Westmount, Que.
Wood, M. — Box 1010, Peterborough, Ont.
Woodyatt, B. — 3197 Westmount Blvd., Westmount, Que.



Staff

- Briggs, Miss E. — King's Hall, Compton, Que.
Flood, Miss M. — Canadian Celanese, Drummondville, Que.
Gould, Mrs. S. — The Studio, 6 Crescent Place, Toronto, Ont.
Huntley, Miss R. — King's Hall, Compton, Que.
Jones, Miss E. — Bedford, Que.
Keyzer, Miss G. — 148 Elmwood Rd., Swampscott, Mass.
L'Hôte, Madame — Main St., Lennoxville, Que.
Porter, Miss K. — 888 Wiseman Ave., Outremont, Que.
Sampson, Miss V. D. — Sidbury, Sidmouth, England.
Stansfield, Miss E. — 3182 Westmount Blvd., Westmount, Que.
Wainwright, Miss D. — 695 Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.
Wright, Miss H. — Broom Hill Spa., North Ireland.

"LEAGUE OF NATIONS PIONEERS"

In January, 1935, a branch of the "League of Nations Pioneers" was formed at King's Hall. This society was formed with the idea of stimulating interest in world affairs and in the part which the League plays in those affairs. The majority of the girls at present at school joined and received membership cards and badges — the Society has since received a Certificate of Corporate membership.

Two debates — one on the possible power of the League, and the other on the part played by women in public life, have been held and enjoyed by all who attended. A stimulating address was given early this term by Mrs. Duckworth. Several girls have entered into correspondence with Junior League members overseas, and in spite of competition from the many other forms of school activities, interest in this new subject has been awakened and maintained.

A HERO OF PEACE

"Mama! Mama! It has come! It has come!" he rushed in breathless, waving before him the newspaper.

"What has come my little Ivan?" Mama turned from her dishes, wiping her hands on her apron. "Let me see what all this is", and she took the paper. "War!... it has come. We have entered into France's dispute and it means definitely war! She sank wearily into a chair pushing her hair back from her tired face. "Oh, why must it be? What will this fighting ever bring us but heart-ache and sorrow — death and despair? They will take my husband, my sons, and when I have nothing left to give they will take my heart. It cannot be," she ended passionately.

"But mama, is not war a glorious thing? Oh, that I were old enough, I should be a soldier, a great soldier with a gun 'that big', and I would go bing, bing, bing, at everyone of those hated Germans. I would kill them all", and little Ivan suited his actions to his words as he capered about the room.

Stephan who had been standing motionless now rushed blindly out into the evening. War! War which meant fighting, and he as a soldier! The thought swept over him with revulsion, to go out and kill men in cold blood, men who might perhaps have been his friends. Oh, he knew it should be no new thought, he knew Germany had been preparing for many years — that this was the climax accepted by many as inevitable; but he had been working so desperately for peace, persuading himself that war was not inevitable that now the realization came to him with a sickening jolt. It was all over... they had lost and

there was nothing left to do but go and fight like a man and a soldier. This was the contradiction to all his principles, yet the instincts which had been so carefully bred in all Russian boys to regard it as the essential duty of a man to go to the aid of his country, were even more deeply implanted.

In his peace work he had been so sure that as a pacifist a man would consider it only right to refuse to fight, but now that war was actually upon him he was filled with doubt. Would he be a traitor not to stand by his country in its hour of need? ...but no, he would be a greater traitor not to stand by what he believed and knew to be right. If he stayed at home people would say he was a coward: few would understand or believe him; he would have no friends, not even his family he realized, for his father and his brothers would be fighting and his refusal to do so would be utterly incomprehensible to them. Would it be worth it? He was torn between his loyalty to his country and his loyalty to his principles.

All night long he walked to and fro trying to reason it out, but always he reached a deadlock. From childhood he had been taught to place his country before everything and now was he not just holding up his petty beliefs against the beliefs of his government? How could he dare to assume his country was wrong? ...and yet he knew it was wrong. It was all so hopelessly contradictory. As a boy but recently turned to man he thrilled at martial music and the tramping of feet, the glory of soldiering and its knight-errant qualities, but as a pacifist he realized the horror that lay beneath it all.

He felt his own unimportance so keenly. "What difference would it make", he thought bitterly, "whether I held out or not? One in thousands. It would be like trying to dam the Platte River with a teaspoon."

He leaned against a tree, hands in pockets, and gazed moodily up at the moon etched faintly through the blackness of the trees. "If only there was someone I could go to, someone who would understand!" But he knew in his heart he would have to decide himself.

As he leaned against the tree, tired and discouraged, he let the stillness of the night drift into him and slowly a greater understanding came to him, a greater sense of proportion; and he knew now without any doubt what he would do. He wondered why he had been uncertain for he now saw but one road before him — the road of Peace. It would not be an easy one, and probably he would not make a very good job of it, but in his decision he felt that unimportant as it was in itself, it was as a pebble tossed in a great sea sending out far-reaching ripples.

— B. Bateman, VI:A.

PLAYS: 1935 Edition.

On March 27th, with the Gym temporarily converted into a theatre, we gave our annual dramatic performance, before an appreciative audience, which included the Lord Bishop of Quebec and Mrs. Williams, students and staff of The University and School of Bishop's College, as well as friends and parents from the surrounding province.

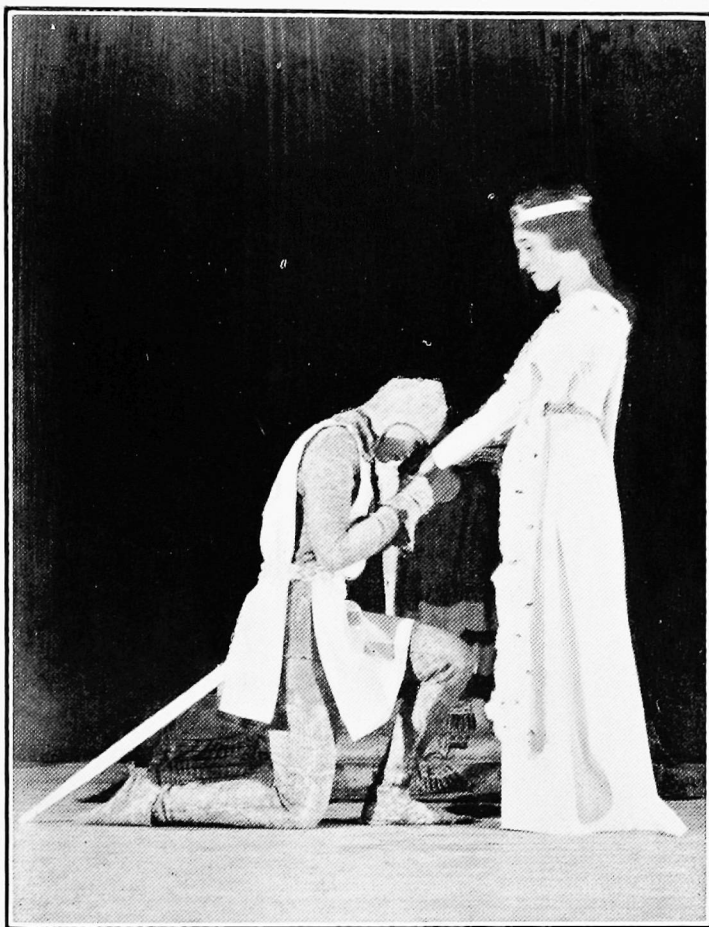
Three plays were staged this year, a new departure being made in the inclusion in the programme of a French and a German Play. The French play was a comedy, "La Femme Muette", and the German play a fairy tale. "Prinzessin Unnatur." The costumes worn in both these plays were most effective; and great credit is due to Miss Huntley, the producer, for the fluency of the actors. These two plays have been written on more fully in French elsewhere in the magazine.

The third play of the series was Sir J. M. Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals". The acting was ably handled, and delighted the audience, which was moved to forget that it was witnessing the performance of amateurs.

Miss Stansfield, the producer of the play, devoted a great deal of time to coaching the actresses, and they, for their part, did her great credit. To Mrs. Gould, we were indebted for the excellent make-up; and to Esther Laing for so creditably handling the properties, stage-managing, and costuming, (She also acted as dresser, laundress, seamstress, and general factotum behind scenes.)

Barbara Bateman, as Mrs. Dowey and Ann Creighton as her son, Kenneth, received appreciative applause for their adequate portrayals of the leading rôles. The supporting cast included Grace Flintoft, as the Reverend Mr. Willings; Mary Grant, as Mrs. Twymley; Morna MacLean, as Mrs. Mickleham; and Janet Porteous, whose characterizing of the "Haggarty Woman", was a treat.

"The Old Lady Shows her Medals" and "La Femme Muette", the French play were repeated by request at Coaticook, during the summer term, and were received with obvious enjoyment.



"PRINZESSIN UNNATUR"



"LA FEMME MUETTE"



"THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS"

LES PIECES

Nous avons cette année à notre programme une pièce allemande et une pièce française.

La pièce allemande intitulée "Die Prinzessin Unnatur" se composait d'un grand nombre d'actrices dont les rôles principaux étaient tenus par Norah Deane et Sonia Baillie. La pièce fut un grand succès et bien admirée.

La seconde pièce, "La Femme Muette", petite comédie adaptée de Saxelby fut aussi satisfaisante. Les principaux rôles étaient tenus par Ernestine Roy et Thérèse des Baillets.

Les costumes de la pièce allemande étaient du 13ième siècle et ceux de la pièce française du 15ième siècle. Grâce à la bonte de Miss Godfrey les costumes étaient exquis. Grâce aussi à l'habilité de Ellen-delle Rea chaque actrice paraissait à son mieux.

Ces pièces furent produites par Miss Huntley: Les efforts furent prouvés par l'excellence de la diction de chaque élève dans chacune de ces langues étrangères.

— T. des Baillets, VI:A.

MUSIC

We have been very lucky this year in having several very well-known musicians here to perform for us. In the Christmas term, on Oct. 27th, Mr. Paul de Marky, well-known pianist, gave us a concert. He was received with great enthusiasm, and the performance which he gave was applauded over and over again.

We were also lucky enough to have with us on Thursday evening, November 29th, Miss Patty Price, who is an interpreter of children's music. She sang and played South African songs, and that evening was, without doubt, one of the most delightful ones spent at King's Hall throughout the whole year.

In the Easter term, on the evening of March 22nd, Mr. Gordon Tenny Brand, famous baritone, performed for us. He sang several well-known English, French, German and Italian songs, and several wildly-applauded encores.

We are all hoping that next year we may have the privilege of hearing these musicians once again, as everyone appreciated and enjoyed them immensely.

— P. Crabtree, Matric.

ART

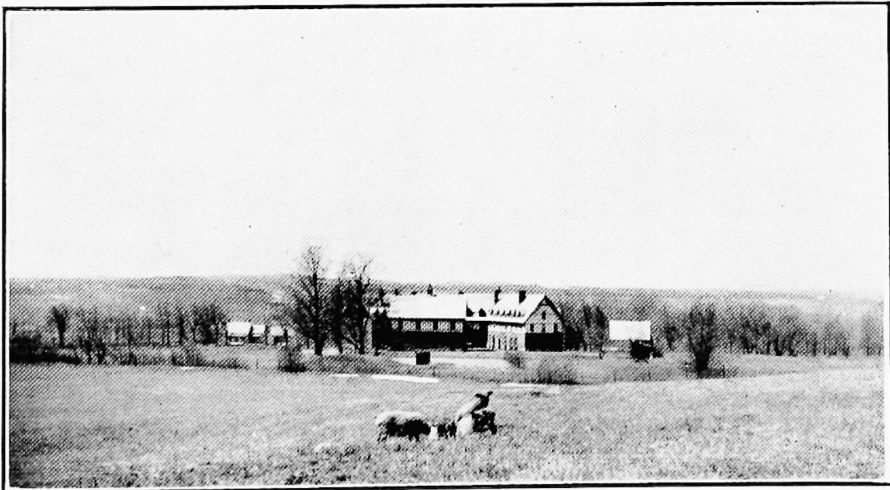
The Studio is the scene of unusual activity this term, for besides the time-honoured subjects one or two of the forms have been indulging in new crafts. V:A and V:B are carving Polar bears and Mickey mice in soap, and wondering what to do with the chips. VI:A Junior is definitely divided into Arts and Crafts; the craftsmen doing such things as **petit point** (designing and executing the centers as well as the backgrounds) and **gesso**, messy but satisfactory in its results.

The Special Art class, now that the fine weather has come, has been spending the mornings sketching. Some work in oils and some in water colour. We went for a picnic, and sketched in between whiles which was lots of fun.

— P. Robertson, VI:A Jr.



A SKETCHING CLASS



A VIEW OF THE SCHOOL

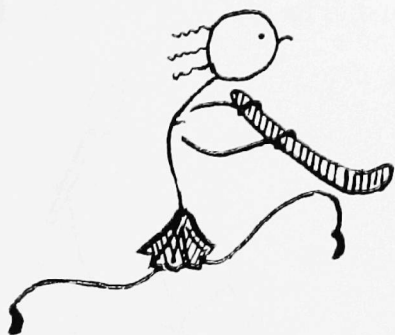
SPORTS

We have had very good sports throughout this whole year, and the weather has usually been very favourable.

HOCKEY

At the beginning of the year we played, hockey every afternoon, when it was possible. Everyone enjoys hockey very much. Some of the new girls had never played, but learnt very quickly, and are exceptionally good players.

We finished our September hockey season with house games. We have had such a cool Spring that we were able to play hockey again, much to everyone's joy. The Old Girls played the new Girls, and the new girls were the winners.



The results of the games are as follows:

Rideau vs. Macdonald — Rideau won 2-1.

Montcalm vs. Rideau — Montcalm won 2-1.

Montcalm vs. Macdonald —

Montcalm won 2-1.

We were unfortunately not able to play our usual game against the Staff this year.

BASKETBALL

At the beginning of the year our basketball team did not look very hopeful, but with the enthusiasm of the girls, and great help from Miss Keyzer, our team proved to be very successful.

We only managed to have one outside game this year. We were very sorry not to have had our usual games with the Sherbrooke Y.W.C.A. and Bishop's University, but they both played boys rules this year.

The team:-

Side Centre — Janet Porteous.

Jumping Centre — Roma Dodds.

Forwards — Sonia Baillie, Mary Grant.

Guards — Maryellen Rossiter,

Betty Richmond.

Subs. — Pauline Robertson, Ann Creighton, Helen Brunning.

On April 11th we played our first game in Montreal against "The Study" team. Mrs. Rossiter very kindly invited the team to lunch. After lunch we all went to the Y.M.C.A. for the game which was most enjoyable, "The Study" winning 40 - 28. We then went to "The Study" for a very delicious tea. On May 11th The Study team came to King's Hall to play a return game with us. In the afternoon, we played baseball against their team, King's Hall winning 13 - 9. Everyone was feeling very cold, but all were much warmer when the game was over. Miss Gillard very kindly invited both teams to tea in her house, which everyone more than enjoyed. The basketball game was played at 8.15 that night, and King's Hall were victorious once more that day. The score being 44 - 26. It was a wonderful game. The whole team remarked how very much they enjoyed playing "The Study" team. Those who will be here next year, are looking forward to "The Study's" return.

We have just finished our Form games, VI:A. being the winners. There was also a very nice game played against The Staff, The School winning 95 - 20.

TENNIS

We have had wonderful tennis weather this spring and everyone has been making good use of the courts.

This is the first year we have had deck tennis, and it has proved popular.

A ping-pong table was presented to the School and was a great source of amusement throughout the winter term.

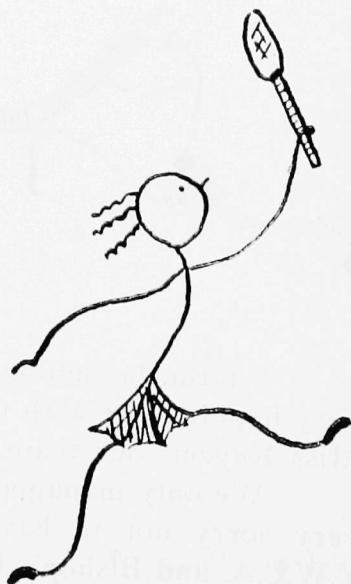
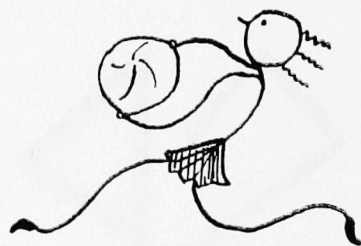
The results of last year's tournaments were:

Sr. Singles — V. Latter.

Sr. Doubles — M. DuMoulin and S. Baillie.

Jr. Singles — N. Baillie.

Jr. Doubles — E. Roy and B. Cate.



BADMINTON

Badminton was very popular during the winter term, when it really was too cold to go out. Though time was scarce, we managed to get the tournaments played off.

Winners

Senior Singles:- S. Baillie

Senior Doubles:- H. Sutherland, S. Baillie

Junior Singles:- J. Merrill

Junior Doubles:- R. Luton, J. Merrill

Runners up.

M. Wood.

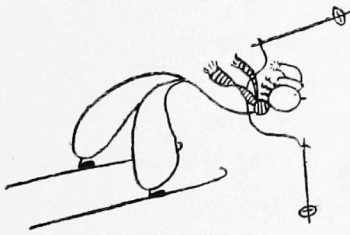
G. Porteous, D. Finnie.

R. Luton.

A. Ritchie, E. Russell.

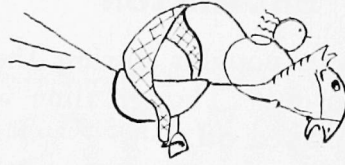


SKIING and SKATING



The weather this year was very good. Jimmy had a lovely big rink ready for us when we returned after Christmas. It was about the best rink we have had. There was a great deal of skating, especially on clear nights, when we were allowed to go out after supper.

There was a good deal of snow, but not enough to have fun. You never had the comfortable feeling you usually have when you fall. There was enough though for some of the girls to pass their ski test, allowing them to leave the School ski-hill. Ski-joring behind the horses was very popular this year. We had two very good horses. Our third horse known as "Bitters", slow but sure, took four of the girls at a time for a ride in the cutter. You need plenty of clothing to go riding with "Bitters".



RIDING and SWIMMING

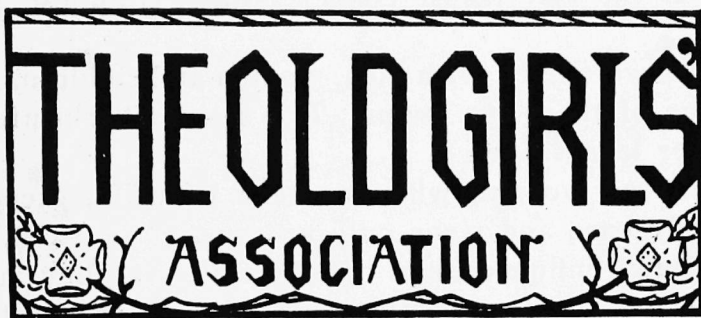
This year riding has been very popular indeed. We have a number of enthusiastic riders. There are three horses: "Goldie", "Prince", and old faithful "Bitters". "Babs" had to be shot this winter, as she broke her leg. We then got a new horse "Nemo"; but exchanged him this term for "Prince". There is a groom this year, who goes riding with the girls. During the summer term there are rides before breakfast, and sometimes after supper.

On Saturdays we usually go to Sherbrooke to the Y.W.C.A. tank to swim. Then we go and have a wonderful tea.

I'm sure all the girls join with me in thanking Miss Keyzer for the time and help she has given us throughout the whole year, with our gymnastics and sports. We owe our success only to Miss Keyzer.

— M. L. Grant, Sports Captain.





BALI, ENCHANTED ISLE

Some of you may not have heard of the much-discussed Island of Bali, and so I begin by telling you that it is a small island near Java, owned by the Dutch. During the last few years it has been the goal of many artists, writers and travellers, and much has been written about the beautiful Balinese women, supposed to be the loveliest in the world today.

A few years ago the world suddenly realized that here was a Garden of Eden, which never before had been explored by the western world. The chief reason for this was the lack of a harbour. This handicap in one sense, proved to be an advantage as it kept out the Mohammedan trade and invasions, which centuries ago wiped out the great Hindu civilization of Java and other neighbouring islands.

Last year I visited Bali on the first Cruise ship ever to call there. Although the natives had had frequent visits from Dutch steamers, this was the first time that they had ever seen foreigners in such large numbers.

It was a wonderful experience for me, and I only wish that it were possible to describe accurately one's impressions and feelings.

Bali is so beautiful that one becomes suffused with its beauty and a "drowsy numbness", pains the senses, and all one wishes, is, to remain there for ever.

I shall never forget my very first impression of the Island. We arrived about six in the morning. Its sudden greenness and overwhelming freshness, made one's pulse quicken: green hills rising out of the sea, deep valleys and rich vegetation, graceful palm trees outlined against the sky, mounting higher and higher and far into the distance to be crowned by a deep purple volcano. As the great ship glided shorewards the natives in their "katamaran" boats, which from a distance look like water-spiders, swarmed out to meet us. The blue

sea sparkled in the sun whilst copper-skinned Balinese shrieked excitedly.

The boats were filled with men, women and children, and strangely enough none of them can swim. The sea is shark-infested and so they have never learnt how.

The Balinese women, who are very beautiful, keep the upper part of the body bare and wear only a "sarong" or skirt. But lately, owing to the Dutch influence, and outside contacts, they are beginning to wear jackets. These are generally red and are fastened incongruously with a safety-pin. Whilst they are young they are exceptionally lovely but they are old and withered at the age of thirty. The women do most of the heavy work and all along the road you meet women, carrying great loads of rice or cocoanuts on their heads. Little naked children play in the sun, everyone smiles, and fragrant flowers are thrown into the car as you pass.

Rice growing is the chief occupation, and the paddy fields, which are ranged one above the other up the hillsides, looked like a series of mirrors, as the fresh young rice was sprouting and the blue sky above was reflected in the glistening fields.

Little money is used, and in the temples flowers are the only offerings. We spent many an amusing hour bartering with the natives who crowded around the ship during the whole two days that we were there. Shirts, stockings, old hats, shoes, soap — anything was exchanged for straw hats, rough wood carvings and native pottery. Like children it amused them to dress up in their new treasures, but they soon grew tired of them and threw them in the water. One poor little girl had on a pair of sailor's trousers, a man's felt hat and someone's old bedroom-slippers. It was very amusing at the time but it made one very sad to think of such charming children being spoilt by stupid tourists.

Their dwellings are simple mud huts, sometimes nothing more than mere shelters. Driving through the villages one can see little of these as a high wall encloses everything. This is supposed to keep away the evil spirits.

I went into several houses and found that children and pigs share the same playground. The pigs are ugly, black creatures with stomachs that touch the ground.

Thin, scrawny, mongrel dogs are everywhere, and I saw one unpleasant sight, a man with a pole slung across his shoulders. From this pole hung about ten dead dogs. He was going about collecting them.

There are several old, very dilapidated motor-cars on the island, and we drove in one of these. Our chauffeur, a native, was a very poor driver and his bare feet seemed to find the brakes a difficult problem. We went at a terrific speed, and the narrow suspension bridges were very frightening. Looking down on the river far below, you could see girls bathing, and combing their hair in the sun.

In this tropical garden, where the soil is fertile and beauty is everywhere, the people, who seem like the children of Adam, carry on a culture and art which make the common people of the rest of the world seem barbarous. For their whole life is religion, and a religion which happens to find its expression in art, music and dancing.

Dancers and orchestra were brought out to the ship on a clumsy old barge. The two little girl dancers, aged about six and eight, were deathly ill, and the look of wonder and fear on their faces was pathetic to see. These children are trained at an early age and are particularly graceful. They wear purple dresses with headdresses of gold in which are stuck beautiful red and white flowers.

The musicians brought their big kettle-drums and xylophone instruments with them. The orchestra was composed entirely of men wearing sarongs, and, on their heads, batik handkerchiefs tied in front with the end sticking out giving the impression of horns. Their eyes became wild as, crouched on the deck, they played weird but strangely tuneful music.

The dance consisted mostly of fluttering and quick, darting movements. The small dancers' eyes would shift continually from side to side. They reminded one of frightened caged birds.

It was a strange sight for the promenade deck of a great Ocean Liner. The little girls were given gingerale to drink and were taken for a ride in one of the ship's elevators. Poor little things, I wonder what they told their playmates when they returned to their native village.

The Balinese are an exceptionally religious people, their religion being a mixture of that of the Hindus and ancient Javanese. They are mostly animists, worshipping all forms of nature, and they have the sun-god, the rain-god and the god of rice. They believe that when they die they will go to heaven. By that they mean that they will return to their beloved island. Their bodies are cremated and their ashes, caught up by the wind, are returned to the earth in the form of mist or rain. But the cremation ceremony is a very costly one, so the dead are buried and kept underground until someone of wealth or importance dies, and that is the signal for a great celebration.

The bodies are all dug up, — perhaps a dozen, and perhaps as many as two hundred. Bamboo pylons, like Chinese pagodas, are built, and the bodies are placed in these to be burnt. Different shapes denote different rank. There is a lion shape for a person of importance or high caste, a cow or bull for the middle caste, and all manner of beasts and fish for the common people. There is much dancing and feasting and everywhere a spirit of gaiety.

Those who fail to be happy in Bali, must have something very wrong with them. But one's happiness is tinged with sadness, as when one is looking at a beautiful flower which one knows must fade. Shipping companies and tourists trade are doing their best to spoil this island, and the Balinese will soon be indistinguishable from their cousins the Javanese. Can you wonder then that I cherish the memory of an experience which I know in my heart can never be repeated?

— Willa Magee.



NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

Montreal Branch —

Marriages:-

Florence Howard to F. C. McCaw.

Doris Spackman to Edward (Jimmie) James.

Margaret Mitchell to Dr. J. C. Mackenzie.

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Trenholme (Leslie Gordon), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Doug. Abbott (Mary Chisholm), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Campbell (Evelyn Turner), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Teakle (Margery Francis), a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. T. Sturrock (Janet Black), a daughter.

Dr. and Mrs. E. T. Cleveland (Jean Cassils), a son.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Hickman (Marion Nicoll), a daughter. They are living in St. Johns, Newfoundland.

Mrs. L. Hersey (Olga Wilkins) is spending her summer here with her two children, and will return to Edinburgh in the autumn, for another three years.

Mrs. Cedris Hands (Ailsie Coghlin) is Honorary President of the Montreal Junior League and has been a great help to the efficiency of the League as Chairman of the Placement Bureau.

Mrs. J. C. Mackenzie (Margaret Mitchell) has for the last two years been Director of Region One of the Association of the Junior Leagues of America.

Margaret Torrence, who has been Treasurer of the Montreal Junior League for the past two years, is Chairman of the Finance Com.

Mabel Evans has been given special mention in the Junior League News Sheet for the splendid work she has done for the last four years for the Amhurst Baby Clinic.

Margaret Gurd has just completed her two years' course at the Margaret Eaton School of Physical Education in Toronto and has returned to Montreal.

Mrs. W. J. H. Ellwood (Varden Ross) has returned from Ottawa and is now living on Holton Avenue.

We are very proud of Mrs. Elmore Davis (Margaret Minnes) and Prue Holbrook who were the winners of the skating for the North American Championship for Four, with Melville Rogers and Guy Owen as their partners at the North American Championship Exhibition held here in February and they were also much appreciated at the Charity Carnival held here on April 1st in aid of the Montreal Children's Hospital.

Mrs. Graham Towers (Molly Godfrey) is now living at Ottawa since her return from Europe where she spent the past winter with her husband, who was inspecting the banking systems of Europe preparatory to taking up his appointment in Ottawa as first Governor of the Bank of Canada.

Mrs. C. B. Campbell (Marjorie Skelton) is still living at Rosemere, P. Q., and has many beautiful hand-made homespun materials, hats, scarves, purses, bags, etc., for sale or to be made to order.

Marjorie Cochrane has just returned from spending the winter as dietitian of Somers Boys College, Southampton West, in Bermuda.

Helen Wright is Secretary of the Themis Club.

Beryl Gilmore is now living in London, England.

Helen Hague is teacher of History at "The Study", Montreal.

Audrey Henderson has been studying in the London Dramatic Academy, and has had frequent parts at Elstree, London.

Willa Magee, who has just returned from a world cruise on the Empress of Britain, where she held the position of post mistress, has been elected Corresponding Secretary of the Junior League of Montreal.

Ruth Stearns has moved to Montreal from Megantic.

Mrs. W. G. Cuttle (Margaret Trenholme) has moved to Montreal from Shawinigan Falls.

Barbara Widder, who for the past year has been assistant superintendent of the Montreal Protestant Orphan's Home, is now in Toronto.

The Annual Meeting and Tea took place on Tuesday, May 14th, at the Themis Club, where the Old Girls were all so pleased to hear of the School from Miss Gillard, and perhaps particularly to hear of the interesting changes which have taken place in the lounge and the dining room, and to know that the Electric Refrigerator is still a great success.

We announce with deepest regret the death of Mrs. Alan Harvey (Katherine Evans) of Edmonton, Alberta.



Hamilton Branch —

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wigle (Molly Cahill), a daughter, June, 1934. Mr. and Mrs. Wigle were in a serious motor accident in April, but are making a satisfactory recovery.

Two Hamilton Old Girls are very proud of the fact that they each have a daughter now at K.H.C. Mrs. Ethel Sutherland (Ethel Grantham), and Mrs. D. S. Thompson (Helen Newburn).

Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Ballantine (Marjorie Phin) have moved from Lewiston, N.Y., to Dayton, Ohio.

Mrs. M. B. Hamilton (Isabel Fairbairn) and her husband are leading members of the Hamilton Theatre Guild.

Mrs. Harold Lazier (Miriam Bell) and Mrs. Peter McCulloch (K. Champ) took prominent parts in the children's plays recently produced by the Hamilton Junior League.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Lyman (Helen D. Scott) have moved from Toronto to Hamilton. We are all very glad to welcome "Scotty D" to our branch of the K. H. C. O. G. A.

Mrs. Hugh Wardrope (Lois Greening) has gone into the business of making doll's houses. Her models are built in the approved modern style of Architecture.



Toronto Branch —

Marriages :-

Mary Anderson to Rankin Nesbitt, in September, 1934.

Births :-

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Harley (Kay Cronyn), a daughter, June, 1934

Mr. and Mrs. George Hendrie (Betty Olmstead), a son, Sept., 1934.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Riley (Margaret Black), a son, Feb., 1935.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Jarvis (Margaret Scatcherd), daughter,
June, 1934.

Mrs. John Skinner (Vera Phinn) has recently returned from a trip to England.

Isobel Ross has been in Halifax since January.

Mrs. Grant Glassco (Willa Price) is moving to Montreal for six months.

Mrs. Walter Lockhart Gordon (Elizabeth Counsell) sailed in April for a trip to Denmark.

Mrs. Henry Jackman (Mary Rowell) is in England for the Royal Jubilee.

Mrs. William Lovering (Hildred Clark) is Chairman of the Arts and Interests department of the Toronto Junior League.

Mrs. B. K. Sandwell (Marion K. Street) wife of the editor of the Toronto Saturday Night is a K.H.C. Old Girl, and staunchly maintains she is one of the oldest old girls, which we can hardly believe.

Mrs. Johnson (Naomi Teakle), whose husband has been made manager of the Royal York Hotel, Toronto, has moved to Toronto from Quebec.

Mrs. Parker Boothe (Dorothy Towers) has moved from Montreal to Toronto.

Mrs. Charles Napier (Frances Fisher) has also moved from Montreal to Toronto.

Mrs. J. R. Harley (Kay Cronyn) has moved from Toronto to London.

Mrs. Donald Riley (Margaret Black) has moved from Peterborough to Toronto.

Mrs. Reginald Jarvis (Margaret Scatcherd) is moving to New York City in September.

Eleanor Anderson has moved from Toronto to Ottawa.

Ottawa Branch —

Marriages:-

Leila Larmonth to Douglas Roberts, December, 1934.

Mary Taggart to J. Gibb Carsley, September, 1934.

Births:-

Mr. and Mrs. C. Scott (Audrey Gilmour), a daughter, July, 1933.

Mrs. Elmore Davis (Margaret Minnes) and Prudence Holbrook, members of the Minto Skating Club, are North American and Canadian Four Champions 1934-35 for the third time.

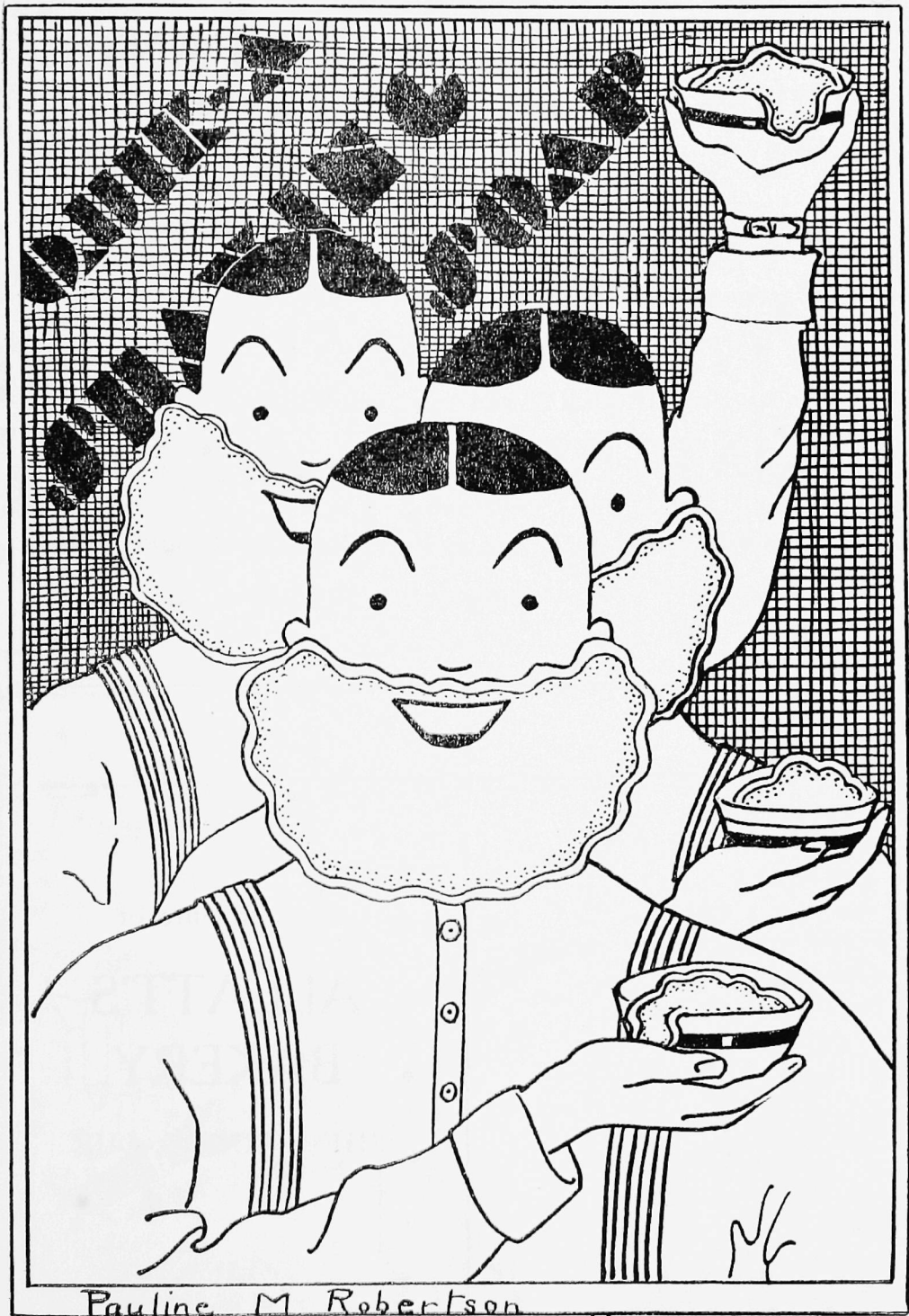
Mrs. Douglas Roberts (Leila Larmouth) received for the first time since her marriage on May 3rd, 1935.

Joan Ahearn has left Ottawa to spend a year in England.

Maryon Murphy has returned from a stay in Bermuda.

Note:- We were sorry not to receive any news from the Quebec or Sherbrooke branches, this year. (Editor).





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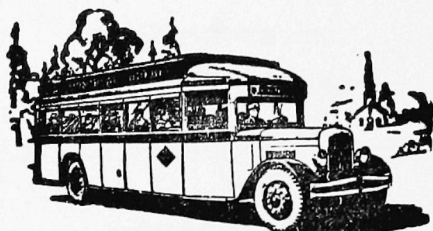
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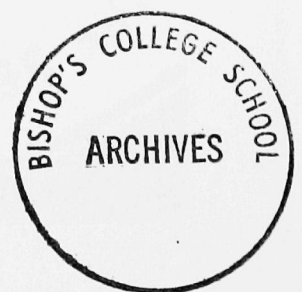
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